

Different skins by TBerryT

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Different skins

White...that all he ever saw, and boy was he sick to death of it.

Men in white clothes, taking him to white rooms where he would be told by a white speaker on the white wall, to get changed into new white clothes.

Day in day out, some times they would change the "time table"

Sometimes instead of having things taken out of him either replaced or just put back in him again, he would do exercises, didn't mean he enjoyed it, it was intense exercise weight lifting, tire pulling, push ups, running and this may seem like something you would do at the gym but he didn't exactly have a choice to whether he wanted to do it or not, never mind a break.

He was laying in his stone cold bed in his white empty room, this was the short time period where he had time to think, when the day was over the men in white would put him back in his room, he didn't stay up for long, he would always be too tired to do so anyway, and if he refused to sleep the men in white would come in and inject in with "sleep water" they would calmly walk in and restrain him to the bed where a man in a white vest would take the rather large siring and pierce it through his skin.

"You need your rest 9" he would always look at him as if he was concerned, eyebrows narrowed, eyes slightly squinted.

But 9 was not stupid, although the way the men spoke to him tried to come across caring, he knew it was just their manipulation tactic, to get him to trust them.

Like a scientist with a begal, they choose begals because they're one of the most loyal and trustworthy dogs.

But 9 was no begal, he was human, not all human but from appearance alone he was as human as anyone else.

The lights in his room suddenly switch on, and as usual a voice came out of the white speaker in the top right corner of his room.

"Nine, I trust as usual you had a substantial sleep? Anyway on the schedule for today you will be in the training room for 3 hours, and after that we will be giving you a new medicine to help encourage your transformation."

He let out a small sigh as he slowly lifted himself out of the mattress.

The small sliding window on the door open and a hand pushed in fresh white clothes and two slices of formula.

Just looking at the pathetic excuse for a meal made him feel sick, but he was used to that feeling by now.

Giving the formula one last look he began getting dressed while also eating.

"Two men will be escorting you to the training room, they will be at your room within the next 3 minutes, make sure your ready."

Finishing the last of the formula, he stood facing the door waiting for the men in white to come and collect him.

Two minutes later the locks on the door began to be moved around, he could hear both mechanical and computerized noises, until a final buzz signaled the door ready to open.

When the door did finally open two men in white and grey attire faced him with long tazers.

God you would think after three years they would have a little bit of trust that he wouldn't tear out their throats while they still both stood.

They began lowering their tazers and the slightly taller one on the left seemed to have grown a pair, he reached into the room and yanked the tall muscled boy out.

Quickly 9 caught he footing and began walking down the long hallway.

This abuse was nothing he wasn't used to, he could be completely compliant yet they would still beat him black and blue any chance they got.

In no time they reached the training room, one of the two guards took out his card key, the door began to open.

The short guard lifted his head back to 9, "in" his voice was clear but stern, of course 9 obliged.

Inside the room was treadmills with Hart monitors next to them, Bench press ,dumbbell, leg and press and the peck deck machine.

He would be working on all of these for three hours, he was already out of breath just looking at the work he would be doing.

This wasn't all that was in the room though, as usual the three "doctors" who would be monitoring him during the exercise, but also the professor, he was a tall man, not as tall as nine, but tall nonetheless, he was bald and wore a black suit with a white shirt.

Since the day 9 had woken up in this place, he had been there, in almost every activity 9 had done, he had been there.

All three of the doctors began looking over him, shining bright lights in his eyes, prodding and poking him, opening and closing his mouth as though he was a show Horse up for sale.

The man in the black suit began walking around 9 and the doctors did their work.

Stopping right in front of him, Looking at him with an eyebrow raised, he dismissed the three doctors from their work for the moment, "I presume you know the timetable for the day?"

Nine nodded as he looked to the ground.

"Good, I will be with you during the new drug we've had made to encourage your transformation, I see no use for me Until then anyway."

Looking towards the three doctors and then back to nine he began to leave.

" please may you start on warm ups, then to the bench press."

Nine nodded and began this long and tiring process, the sooner he started the sooner he would be finished, at least that was how he saw things.